WOW COMICS

10¢

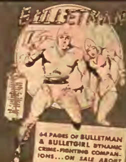
BE AN AMERICAN

Featuring MR. SCARLET
Red Robin of Justice

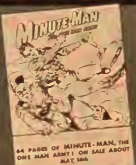
ALSO ATOM BLAKE, RICK O'SHAY
THE HUNCHBACK, JIM DOLAN!

COMING YOUR WAY SOON!

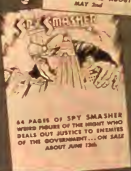
COMIC-LAND'S GREATEST COLLECTION OF HEROES... IN 4 COMPLETE BOOKS!



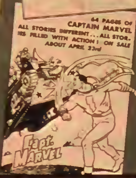
64 PAGES OF BULLETMAN & BULLETGIRL DYNAMIC CRIME-FIGHTING COMPANIONS... ON SALE ABOUT MAY 2nd



64 PAGES OF MINUTE-MAN, THE ONE MAN ARMY! ON SALE ABOUT MAY 16th

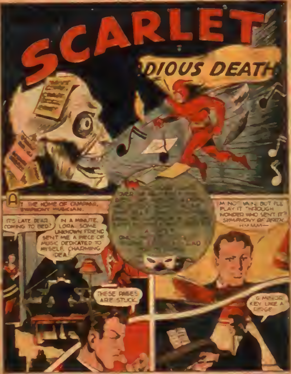


64 PAGES OF SPY SMASHER WEIRD FIGURE OF THE NIGHT WHO DEALS OUT JUSTICE TO ENEMIES OF THE GOVERNMENT... ON SALE ABOUT JUNE 13th



64 PAGES OF CAPTAIN MARVEL ALL STORIES DIFFERENT... ALL STORIES FILLED WITH ACTION! ON SALE ABOUT APRIL 23rd

WATCH FOR THESE FOUR SMASHING BOOKS!


SCARLET
DIOUS DEATH
AT THE HOME OF CAMPANA, SYMPHONY MUSICIAN.
IT'S LATE DEAR COMING TO BED?
IN A MINUTE, LORA. SOME UNKNOWN FRIEND SENT ME A PIECE OF MUSIC DEDICATED TO MYSELF. CHARMING IDEA!
OVER
ON
LAD
I'M NOT VAIN, BUT I'LL PLAY IT THROUGH. WONDER WHO SENT IT? SYMPHONY OF DEATH. HMMM—
THESE PAGES ARE STUCK.
G MINOR KEY LIKE A DIRGE

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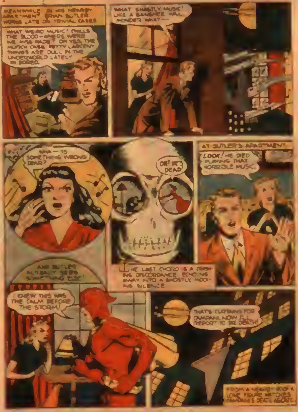
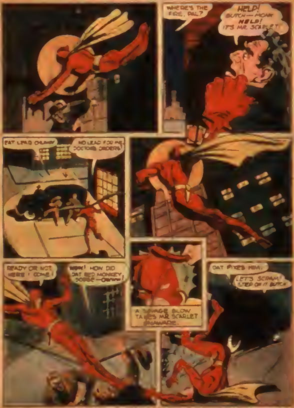
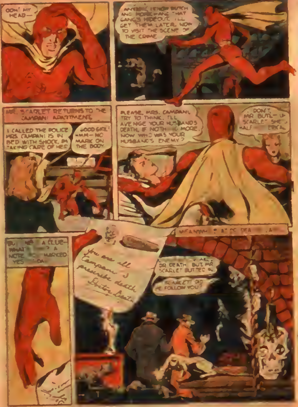
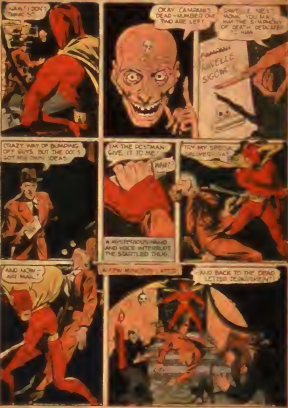
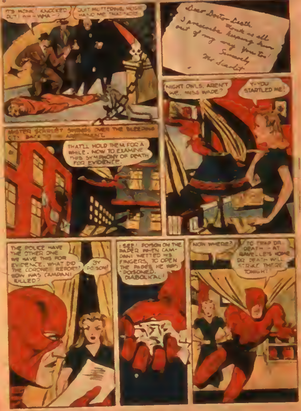
WOW COMICS [illegible] Fawcett Publications [illegible] Louisville, Ky. W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President [illegible] 1501 Broadway, New York City

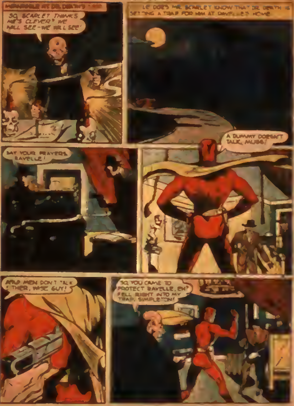

MEANWHILE, IN HIS NEARBY APARTMENT, BRIAN BUTLER WORKS LATE ON TRIVIAL CASES
WHAT WEIRD MUSIC! CHILLS THE BLOOD—WHERE WERE WE, MISS WADE? OH YES, THE MUNCH CASE. PETTY LARCENY! THINGS ARE DULL IN THE UNDERWORLD LATELY. I'M BORED.
WHAT GHASTLY MUSIC! LIKE A BANSHEE WAIL. WONDER WHAT—
WHA — IS SOMETHING WRONG DEAR?
OH! HE'S DEAD!
THE LAST CHORD IS A CRASHING DISCORDANCE, ECHOING AWAY INTO A GHOSTLY, MOCKING SILENCE.
AT BUTLER'S APARTMENT
LOOK! HE DIED PLAYING THAT HORRIBLE MUSIC.
AND BUTLER ALREADY SEES SOMETHING ELSE!
I KNEW THIS WAS THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM!
THAT'S CURTAINS FOR CAMPANI. NOW I'LL REPORT TO DR. DEATH
FROM A NEARBY ROOF A LONE FIGURE WATCHES CAMPANI'S DEATH AGONY.

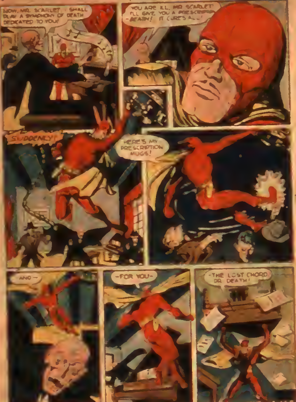

WHERE'S THE FIRE, PAL?
HELP! BUTCH—MONK HELP! IT'S MR. SCARLET!
EAT LEAD CHUMP!
NO LEAD FOR ME DOCTOR'S ORDERS!
READY OR NOT HERE I COME!
WOW! HOW DID DAT RED MONKEY DODGE—OWWW!
A SAVAGE BLOW TAKES MR. SCARLET UNAWARE.
DAT FIXES HIM.
LET'S SCRAM! STEP ON IT BUTCH

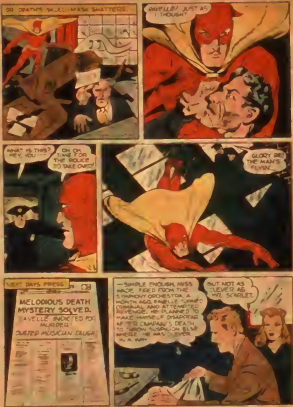

OOH! MY HEAD—
ANYWAY, I KNOW BUTCH AND MONK—AND THAT GANG'S HIDEOUT. I'LL GET THEM LATER. NOW TO VISIT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME
MR. SCARLET RETURNS TO THE CAMPANI APARTMENT
I CALLED THE POLICE. MRS. CAMPANI IS IN BED WITH SHOCK. I'M TAKING CARE OF HER
GOOD GIRL! HMM—NO MARK ON THE BODY
PLEASE, MRS. CAMPANI, TRY TO THINK. I'LL AVENGE YOUR HUSBAND'S DEATH, IF NOTHING MORE. NOW WHO WAS YOUR HUSBAND'S ENEMY?
DON'T, MR. BUTL— UH SCARLET. SHE'S HALF [illegible]ERICAL
MEANWHILE AT DR. DEATH'S LAIR
BUT HERE'S A CLUE— WHAT'S THIS? A NOTE [illegible] MARKED YES[illegible]DAY
You are all Campani, I prescribe death Doctor Death
[illegible] DR. DEATH. BUT MR. SCARLET BUTTED IN
SCARLET! DID HE FOLLOW YOU?

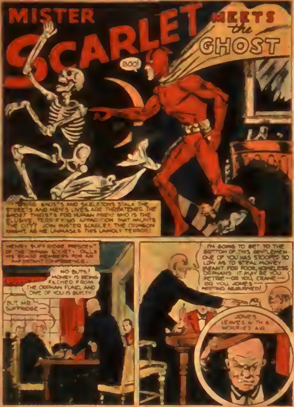

NAW! I DON'T THINK SO
OKAY CAMPANI'S DEAD—NUMBER ONE TWO ARE LEFT
HAVE THE NEXT WORK YOU MAIL HIM THE SYMPHONY OF DEATH DEDICATED TO HIM
VELLE SIGOW
CRAZY WAY OF BUMPING OFF GUYS. BUT THE DOC'S GOT HIS OWN IDEAS
I'M THE POSTMAN GIVE IT TO ME!
WHAT?
A MYSTERIOUS HAND AND VOICE INTERRUPT THE STARTLED THUG.
TRY MY SPECIAL DELIVERY, RAT!
AND NOW— AIR MAIL!
A FEW MINUTES LATER
—AND BACK TO THE DEAD LETTER DEPARTMENT!

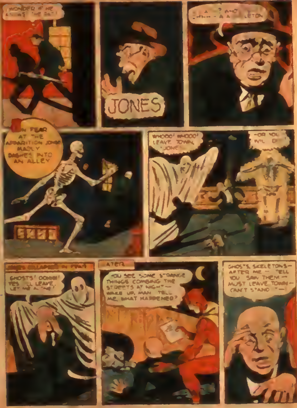

IT'S MONK! KNOCKED OUT! WH—WHA—?
QUIT MUTTERING, MUGH! HAND ME THAT NOTE!
Dear Doctor Death
Thanks as all
I prescribe keeping them
out of my way from too!
Sincerely
Mr Scarlet
NIGHT OWLS, AREN'T WE, MISS WADE?
Y-YOU STARTLED ME!
MISTER SCARLET SWINGS OVER THE SLEEPING CITY BACK TO HIS APARTMENT.
THAT'LL HOLD THEM FOR A WHILE. NOW TO EXAMINE THIS SYMPHONY OF DEATH FOR EVIDENCE.
THE POLICE HAVE THE OTHER ONE. WE HAVE THIS FOR EVIDENCE. WHAT DID THE CORONER REPORT? HOW WAS CAMPANI KILLED?
BY POISON!
I SEE! POISON ON THE PAPER. WHEN CAMPANI WETTED HIS FINGERS, TO OPEN THE PAGES HE WAS POISONED. DIABOLICAL!
NOW WHERE?
TO TRAP DR. DEATH — AT RAVELLE'S HOME. DR. DEATH WILL STRIKE THERE TONIGHT!

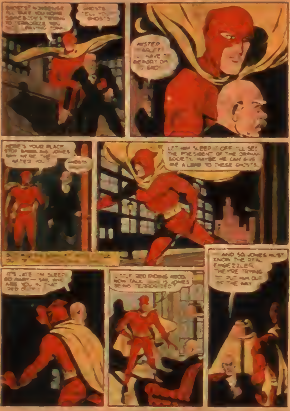

MEANWHILE AT DR. DEATH'S • • •
SO, SCARLET THINKS HE'S CLEVER? WE WILL SEE-WE WILL SEE!
LITTLE DOES MR. SCARLET KNOW THAT DR. DEATH IS SETTING A TRAP FOR HIM AT RAVELLE'S HOME
SAY YOUR PRAYERS, RAVELLE!
A DUMMY DOESN'T TALK, MUGG!
DEAD MEN DON'T TALK EITHER, WISE GUY!
SO, YOU CAME TO PROTECT RAVELLE, EH? FELL RIGHT INTO MY TRAP, SIMPLETON!

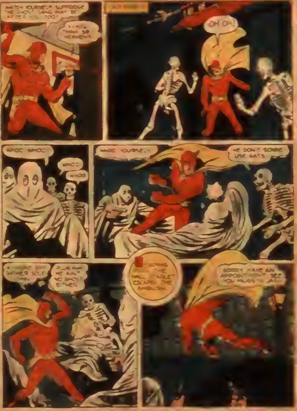

NOW, MR. SCARLET, I SHALL PLAY A SYMPHONY OF DEATH DEDICATED TO YOU!
YOU ARE ILL, MR. SCARLET! I'LL GIVE YOU A PRESCRIPTION -DEATH! IT CURES ALL!
SUDDENLY!
HERE'S MY PRESCRIPTION MUGS!
AND-
-FOR YOU-
-THE LOST CHORD, DR. DEATH!

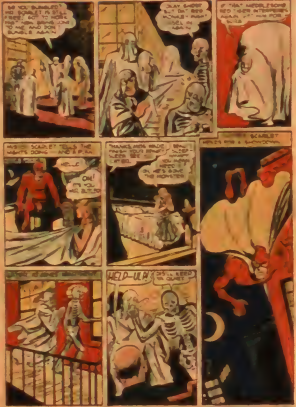

OR DEATH'S SKULL-MASK SHATTERS.
RAVELLE! JUST AS I THOUGHT.
WHAT IS THIS? HEY, YOU—
OH OH TIME FOR THE POLICE TO TAKE OVER!
GLORY BE! THE MAN'S FLYIN'...
NEXT DAYS PRESS
MELODIOUS DEATH MYSTERY SOLVED.
RAVELLE INDICTED FOR MURDER!
OUSTED MUSICIAN CAUGHT
—SIMPLE ENOUGH, MISS WADE. FIRED FROM THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA A MONTH AGO, RAVELLE TURNED CRIMINAL AND ATTEMPTED REVENGE. HE PLANNED TO MAKE HIMSELF DISAPPEAR AFTER CAMPAN'S DEATH, TO THROW SUSPICION ELSEWHERE. HE WAS CLEVER IN A WAY
BUT NOT AS CLEVER AS MR. SCARLET.

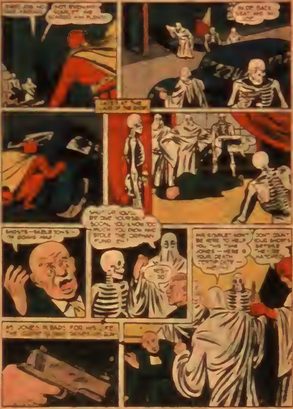

MISTER SCARLET MEETS the GHOST
BOO!
WHERE GHOSTS AND SKELETONS STALK THE STREETS AND MEN'S LIVES ARE THREATENED. THE GHOST THIRSTS FOR HUMAN PREY! WHO IS THE ELUSIVE, TERRIFYING APPARITION THAT HAUNTS THE CITY? JOIN MISTER SCARLET THE CRIMSON KNIGHT, AS HE UNMASKS THIS UNHOLY TERROR!
HENRY SUFFRIDGE, PRESIDENT OF THE ORPHAN SOCIETY, CALLS HIS BOARD MEMBERS FOR AN IMPORTANT CONFERENCE.
NO BUTS! MONEY IS BEING FILCHED FROM THE ORPHAN FUND, AND ONE OF YOU IS GUILTY
BUT MR SUFFRIDGE—
I'M GOING TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS, GENTLEMEN ONE OF YOU HAS STOOPED SO LOW AS TO STEAL MONEY MEANT FOR POOR, HOMELESS ORPHANS. IT MAY BE YOU PETRIE—OR YOU, CRANE—OR YOU, JONES— SEEMING ALARMED!
JONES LEAVES WITH A WORRIED AIR

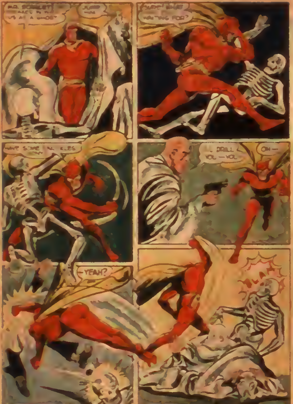

WONDER IF HE KNOWS THE BAT!
JONES
A...? WHO... CHHH — A SKELETON
IN FEAR AT THE APPARITION JONES MADLY DASHES INTO AN ALLEY
WHOOO! WHOOO! LEAVE TOWN, JONES
—OR YOU WILL DIE
JONES COLLAPSES IN FEAR
GHOSTS! GOING! YES I'LL LEAVE, LET ME ALONE!
LATER
YOU SEE SOME STRANGE THINGS COMBING THE STREETS AT NIGHT — WAKE UP, MAN. TELL ME, WHAT HAPPENED?
GHOSTS, SKELETONS — AFTER ME — TELL YOU SAW THEM — MUST LEAVE TOWN — CAN'T STAND IT —

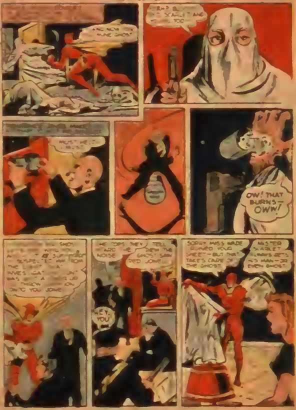

GHOSTS? NONSENSE! ALL RIGHT, YOU'RE HOME. SOMEBODY'S TRYING TO TERRORIZE YOU [illegible] PAYING [illegible]
GHOSTS! I TELL YOU GHOSTS!
MISTER SCARLET! I HAVE TO REPORT ON A GHOST!
HERE'S YOUR PLACE. STOP BABBLING, JONES. WHO WERE THEY AFTER YOU?
GHOSTS!
LET HIM SLEEP IT OFF. I'LL SEE THE PRESIDENT OF THE ORPHAN SOCIETY. MAYBE HE CAN GIVE ME A LEAD TO THESE GHOSTS.
IT'S LATE. I'M SLEEPY. GO AWAY — SAY, WHO ARE YOU IN THAT RED OUTFIT?
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD. NOW TALK! WHY IS JONES BEING TERRORIZED?
AND SO JONES MUST KNOW THE REAL EMBEZZLER. THEY'RE TRYING TO PUT HIM OUT OF THE WAY.

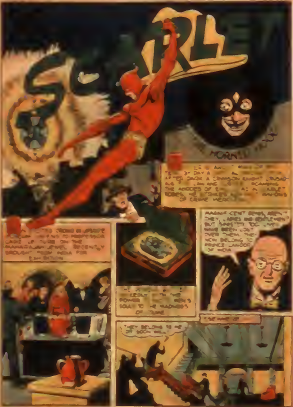

WATCH YOURSELF! SUPPOSE THE GHOST GANG MAY BE AFTER YOU TOO!
Y-YOU THINK SO HEAVENS
OH OH!
WHOO WHOO
WHOO
WHOO
WHOO YOURSELF...
HE DON'T SCARE LIKE BATS
A ... RATHER SOLID ...
PLUG HIM! HE AIN'T NO GHOST EITHER
... THROWING ... THE ... "MARBLE" ESCAPES THE AMBUSH.
SORRY! HAVE AN APPOINTMENT! SEE YOU MUGS LATER!

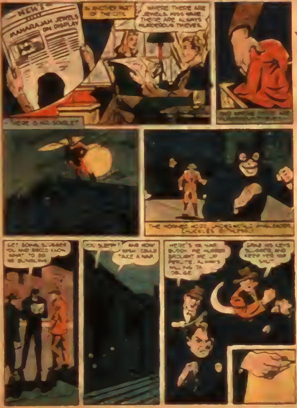

SO YOU BUNGLED? AND SCARLET IS STILL FREE! GOT TO WORK FAST NOW. BRING LONE TO ME AND DON'T BUNGLE AGAIN
OKAY BOSS BUT DAT RED MONKEY MAN'LL BE IN AGAIN
IF THAT MEDDLESOME RED TIGER INTERFERES AGAIN, IT'S [illegible] FOR [illegible]
MISTER SCARLET TELLS THE NIGHT'S DOINGS — AND [illegible]
HELLO!
OH! IT'S YOU, MR. BUTLER!
THANKS, MISS WADE. ENOUGH YOUR BEAUTY SLEEP. SEE YOU LATER.
BEAUTY SLEEP! HMMPF! YOU NEVER NEED [illegible] OH, HE'S GONE THE MONSTER
MISTER SCARLET HEADS FOR A SHOWDOWN
[illegible]
HELD-UP!
JUS' KEEP 'EM QUIET

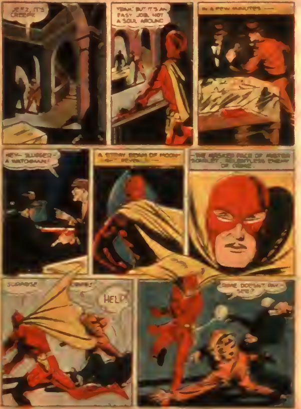

EASY JOB NO [illegible]
NOT EVEN MR. SCARLET — WE SCARED HIM PLENTY!
IN DE BACK SEAT WID 'IM [illegible]
LATER AT THE LAIR OF THE [illegible]
GHOSTS—SKELETONS—I'M GOING MAD!
SHUT UP YOU! BE ONE YOURSELF SOON! YOU KNOW TOO MUCH. YOU KNOW WHO STOLE THE ORPHAN FUND, EH?
YES—SO
MR. SCARLET WON'T BE HERE TO HELP YOU THIS TIME JONES — HERE IS YOUR DEATH CERTIFICATE — [illegible]
DON'T COUNT YOUR GHOSTS BEFORE THEY'RE HATCHED!
AS JONES PLEADS FOR HIS LIFE THE [illegible]

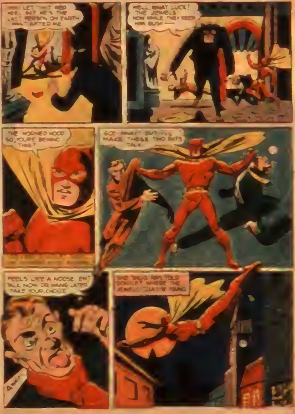

MR. SCARLET ... US AS A GHOST
JUST ...
JUST WHAT ... WAITING FOR?
HAVE SOME ... KLES
I'LL DRILL YOU — YOU
OH—
—YEAH?
BLAM

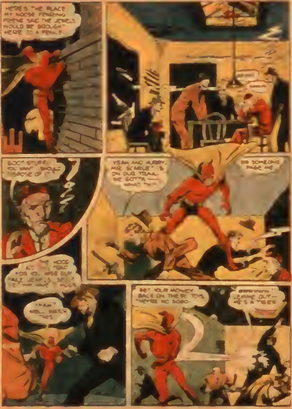

AND NOW FOR THE GHOST!
EH? BUT ... SCARLET AND ... TOO
MUST HELP ... MUST
OW! THAT BURNS— OWW!
... SUSPECTED HIM ... ONTO YOU JONES
HE TOPS THEY TELL ... ARE ... NOISE
... THE GHOST SAW RED JONES
HEY, YOU
SORRY MISS WADE RUINED YOUR SHEET—BUT THAT TAKES CARE OF THE GHOST
MISTER SCARLET ALWAYS GETS HIS MAN—OR EVEN GHOST!

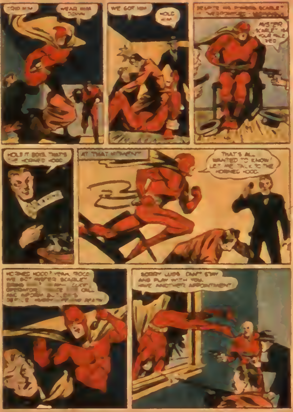

SCARLET
THE HORNED HOOD
BY DAY A ... AFTER DARK A CRIMSON KNIGHT ... AND ... ROAMING THE ABODES OF ... AS A "SCARLET" ROBIN, HE ... OF CRIME MERCILESS
... CROWDS IN ... TO ... THE MAHARAJAH JEWEL RECENTLY BROUGHT FROM INDIA FOR EXHIBITION
MAGNIFICENT GEMS, AREN'T THEY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN? ... HAVE BEEN LOST ... THEY NOW BELONG TO PRINCE LANOOR OF INDIA
... CLEARLY IN THE ... POWER ... MEN'S SOULS TO THE MADNESS OF ...
THEY BELONG TO ME ... SOON ...
THE NIGHT OF ...

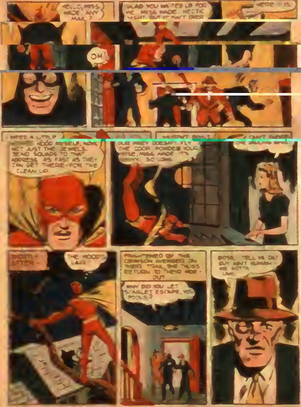

NEWS
MAHARAJAH JEWELS ON DISPLAY
—THERE IS MR. SCARLET
IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY
WHERE THERE ARE JEWELS, MISS WADE, THERE ARE ALWAYS MURDEROUS THIEVES.
GET GOING, SLUGGER. YOU AND BUGGS KNOW WHAT TO DO IN BUILDING
OL' SLEEPY
AND NOW HE COULD TAKE A NAP.
HERE'S YR NAP BUDDY. HE ALWAYS BROUGHT ME UP POLITE. ALWAYS WILLING TA OBLIGE
GRAB HIS KEYS SLUGGER, AND KEEP YER MAP SHUT

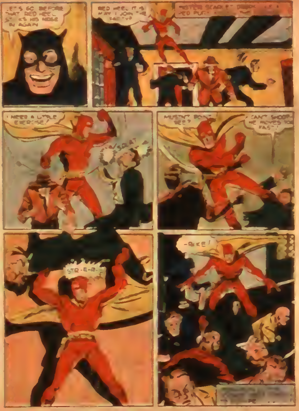

JEEZ, IT'S CREEPY
YEAH! BUT IT'S AN EASY JOB. NOT A SOUL AROUND
IN A FEW MINUTES —
HEY— SLUGGER— A WATCHMAN!
A STRAY BEAM OF MOON-LIGHT REVEALS —
—THE MASKED FACE OF MISTER SCARLET, RELENTLESS ENEMY OF CRIME.
SURPRISE
CRIMES
HELP!
CRIME DOESN'T PAY— SEE?

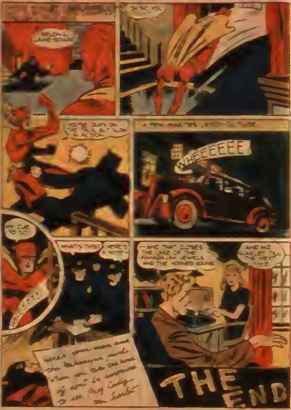

WHO LET THAT RED HEEL IN? HE'S THE LAST PERSON ON EARTH I WANT AFTER ME
WELL, WHAT LUCK! THE JEWELS NOW WHILE THEY KEEP HIM BUSY —
THE HOODED HOOD! SO, YOU'RE BEHIND THIS?
GOT AWAY! BUT I'LL MAKE THESE TWO RATS TALK
FEELS LIKE A NOOSE, EH? TALK NOW OR HANG LATER! TAKE YOUR CHOICE
AWK!
THE THUG HAS TOLD SCARLET WHERE THE JEWEL THIEVES HANG

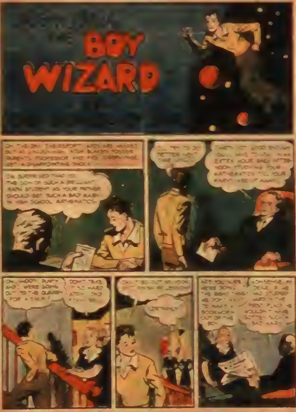

HERE'S THE PLACE MY MOOSE-FEARING FRIENDS SAID THE JEWELS WOULD BE BROUGHT HERE TO A FENCE!
GOOD STUFF. YOU WANT I SHOULD DISPOSE OF IT?
YEAH AND HURRY. MR. SCARLET'S ON OUR TRAIL. WE GOTTA— WHAT TH—
DID SOMEONE PAGE ME
THE HOOS... FOR YOU WISE GUY FAKE JEWELS, SEE? ... MUGS
YEAH? WELL, WATCH THIS
BET YOUR MONEY BACK ON THESE TOYS. THEY'RE NO DODO.
OWWWW! LEMME OUT— HE'S A TIGER

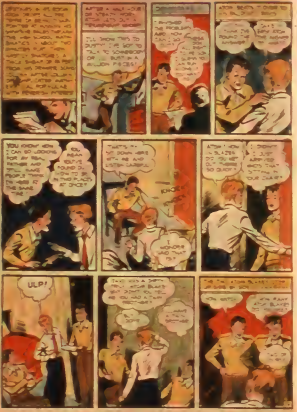

GRAB HIM
WEAR HIM DOWN
WE GOT HIM
HOLD HIM
DESPITE HIS POWERS SCARLET IS OVERPOWERED - [illegible]
MISTER SCARLET IS YOUR [illegible] RED
HOLD IT BOSS, THAT'S THE HORNED HOOD
AT THAT MOMENT
THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW! LET ME TALK TO THE HORNED HOOD.
HORNED HOOD? YEAH, BOSS WE GOT MISTER SCARLET [illegible] OPERATOR [illegible]
SORRY LUGS, CAN'T STAY AND PLAY WITH YOU. HAVE ANOTHER APPOINTMENT!

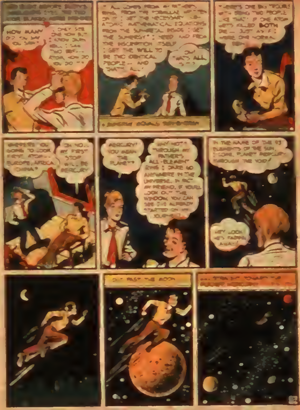

HELLO, MISS WADE. ANY MAIL?
GLAD YOU WAITED UP FOR ME, MISS WADE. HECTIC NIGHT, BUT IT ISN'T OVER
HERE [illegible] IS.
OH!
NEED A LITTLE [illegible] HOOD MYSELF NOW, NOT JUST THE JEWELS. SEND SQUADS TO THAT ADDRESS AS FAST AS THEY CAN GET THERE—FOR THE CLEAN UP.
MUSTN'T [illegible] OUR PREY DOESN'T FLY THE COOP. POWDER YOUR NOSE, MISS WADE. IT'S [illegible] SO LONG
I CAN'T [illegible] THE DARING [illegible]
SHORTLY AFTER—
THE HOOD'S LAIR!
FRIGHTENED BY THE CRIMSON AVENGER ON THEIR TRAIL, THE THUGS RETURN TO THEIR HIDE-OUT
WHY DID YOU LET SCARLET ESCAPE, YOU FOOLS?
BOSS, TELL ME DAT GUY AIN'T HUMAN— WE GOTTA LAM.

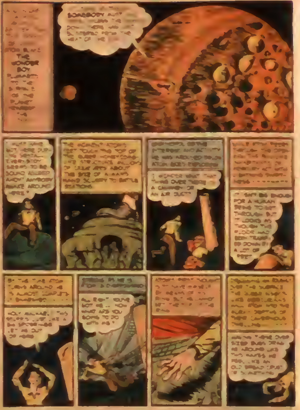

LET'S GO BEFORE THAT RED HEEL STICKS HIS NOSE IN AGAIN
RED HEEL, IT IS! MAY I JOIN THE PARTY?
I NEED A LITTLE EXERCISE!
SPLAT
MUSTN'T POINT! SEE?
CAN'T SHOOT- HE MOVES TOO FAST!
STR-R-R-
-RIKE!

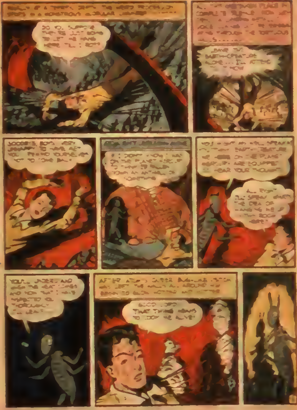

SO LONG, LANE-BOARD!
SO ARE YOU
YOU'RE QUICK ON THE PULL, BUT SLOW IN ACTION
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
WHEEEEEEE
MY CUE TO GO!
WHAT'S THIS?
HERE'S A NOTE—
Here's your man and the Maharajan jewels. When you take the hood off don't be surprised if you see Prof Cadge. Mr. Scarlet
—AND THAT CLOSES THE CASE OF THE MAHARAJAH JEWELS AND THE HORNED OWLS.
AND MR. SCARLET TILL THE NEXT TIME
THE END

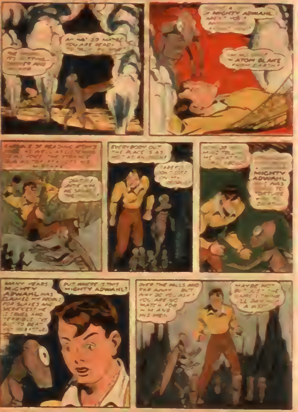

BOY WIZARD
ON THE DAY THEREAFTER [illegible] PROFESSOR AND [illegible] A DISAPPOINTING SHOCK.
I'M SURPRISED THAT YOU, THE SON OF SUCH A BRILLIANT MATH STUDENT AS YOUR FATHER SHOULD GET SUCH A BAD MARK IN HIGH SCHOOL MATHEMATICS!
I'LL TRY TO DO BETTER NEXT TIME.
THAT'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH! YOU WILL HAVE TO STAY AN EXTRA HOUR EACH AFTERNOON STUDYING THE MATHEMATICS TILL YOUR MARKS ARE UP AGAIN!
OH, SHOOT! BUFFY AND I WERE GOING OUT TO THE QUARRY FOR A SWIM!
DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD. AFTER [illegible]
CAN'T GO OUT [illegible] OF LESSONS
CERTAINLY!
ARE YOU SURE THERE [illegible]
NONSENSE, MY DEAR! IF HE HAD STUDIED HARD IN THE FIRST PLACE HE WOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN SUCH A BAD MARK!

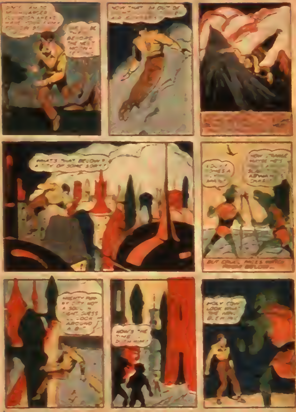

I'LL SHOW THIS TO DUSTY! I'LL GET THE BOY TO TALK TO SOMEBODY OR BURST IN A MILLION PIECES!
YOU KNOW HOW I CAN GO LOOKING FOR MY REAL FATHER AND STILL MAKE PEOPLE THINK I'M HERE AT THE SAME TIME!
YOU MEAN YOU'VE FOUND OUT HOW TO BE IN TWO PLACES AT ONCE?
THAT'S IT! SIT DOWN HERE WITH ME AND LISTEN CAREFULLY
KNOCK KNOCK
I WONDER WHO THAT IS?
ULP!

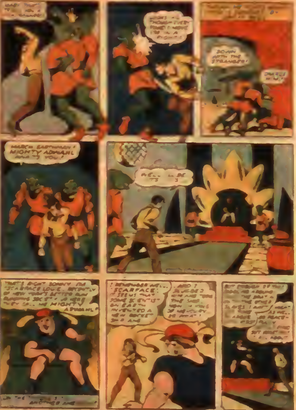

HOW MANY DO YOU SAY YOU SEE?
ONLY SEE ONE YOU BUT I KNOW DAMN WELL I SAW TWO BEFORE... HOW DO YOU DO IT?
IT ALL COMES FROM MY FATHER'S RING. FROM THE FORMULAE WRITTEN ON IT I GET THE NECESSARY SUB-ATOMIC MATHEMATICAL EQUATIONS FROM THE SUPREME... I GET THE SUPERGY* I NEED AND FROM THE INSCRIPTION ITSELF I GET THE WILL TO BE TWO IDENTICAL PEOPLE — AND THAT'S ALL!
OH! THAT'S ALL, EH?
* SUPREME ENERGY
THERE'S ONE BIG TROUBLE WITH BEING TWO PEOPLE LIKE THAT! IF ONE ATOM GETS KILLED BOTH DIE — JUST AS IF I WERE ONE NORMAL MAN!
WHERE'RE YOU GOING TO LOOK FIRST, STOP... EUROPE, AFRICA, CHINA?
OH NO... MY FIRST STOP WILL BE MERCURY!
MERCURY! YOU MEAN THE PLANET?
WHY NOT? THROUGH MY FATHER'S ALL-ELEMENT RING I DARE GO ANYWHERE IN THE UNIVERSE. IN FACT MY FRIEND, IF YOU'LL LOOK OUT THE WINDOW YOU CAN SEE I'VE ALREADY STARTED ON MY JOURNEY!
IN THE NAME OF THE 93 ELEMENTS OF THE SUN, I COME, PLANET MERCURY, THROUGH THE VOID!
HEY LOOK HE'S FADING AWAY!
OUT PAST THE MOON
... STREAKING TOWARD THE PLANET MERCURY

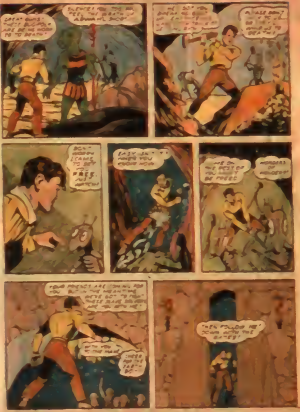

[illegible] THE WONDER BOY PLUMMETS [illegible] THE SURFACE OF THE PLANET [illegible]
SOMEBODY [illegible] HEAT OF THE [illegible]
[illegible] SEEMS TO BE SOUND ASLEEP [illegible] ANYBODY AWAKE AROUND HERE?
THE [illegible] TOUCH THE TOP OF THE GIANT HONEYCOMB-LIKE STRUCTURE [illegible] ABOUT THE SIZE OF A [illegible] STATIONS
[illegible] ATOM BOY'S EXPLORING
I WONDER WHAT THAT THING OVER THERE [illegible] A CHIMNEY OR AN AIR SHAFT
[illegible] BIG ENOUGH FOR A HUMAN BEING TO GET THROUGH [illegible] LOOKS AS THOUGH THE FLOOR HAS BEEN [illegible] DOWN [illegible] A LOT OF FEET
[illegible]
HOLY MACKEREL [illegible] LIKE A BIG SPONGE [illegible] LET ME OUT OF HERE
[illegible]
ALL RIGHT, YOU'VE GOT ME [illegible] WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ME?
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] AROUND [illegible] THIS MAKES ME [illegible] LIKE AN OLD BREAD CRUST [illegible]

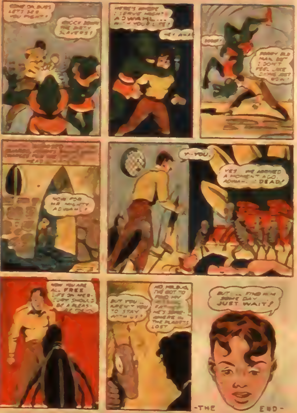

DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY'RE JUST GOING TO LET ME HANG HERE TILL I ROT?
GOOD LORD! THAT THING SEEMS TO BE ALIVE!

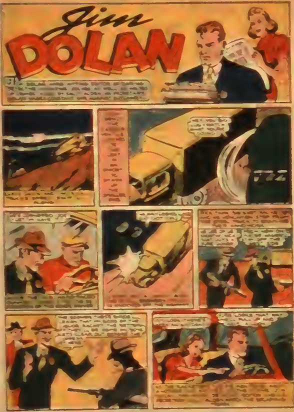

MIGHTY ADWAHL
ATOM BLAKE FROM EARTH!
EVERYBODY OUT THE PLACE
MIGHTY ADWAHL HAS TO TORTURE
MANY YEARS MIGHTY ADWAHL HAS CLAIMED MY PEOPLE! FOR SLAVES AND SACRIFICES! HE IS CRUEL AND TERRIBLE
BUT WHERE IS THIS MIGHTY ADWAHL?
OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY BUT WHY DO YOU ASK? YOU ARE NO MATCH FOR HIM AND HIS MEN.
MAYBE NOT BUT JUST THE SAME I THINK I'LL PAY HIM A VISIT

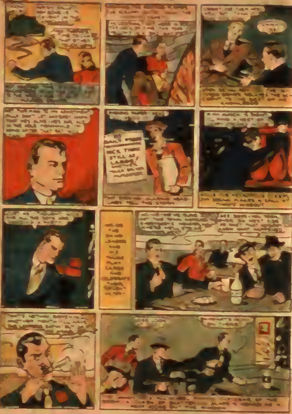

NOW THAT I'M OUT OF ... AIR CURRENTS
WHAT'S THAT BELOW? A CITY OF SOME SORT?
BUT CRUEL FACES WATCH FROM BELOW...
MIGHTY PRETTY CITY BUT NOT A SOUL IN SIGHT. GUESS I'LL LOOK AROUND A BIT.
HOW'S THE TIME ... DOWN HIM!
HOLY COW! LOOK WHAT THE WIND BLEW IN!

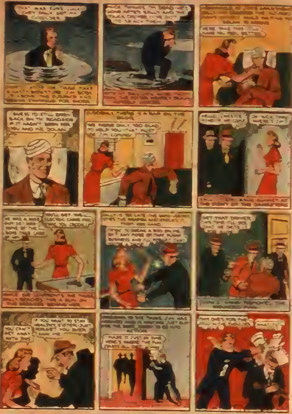

DOWN WITH THE STRANGER!
MARCH EARTHMAN! MIGHTY ADMAHL WANTS YOU!
SCARFACE LOUIE
I REMEMBER YOU... "SCARFACE"! IT SEEMS THAT SOME SCIENTIST ON EARTH INVENTED A NEW ROCKET SHIP AND

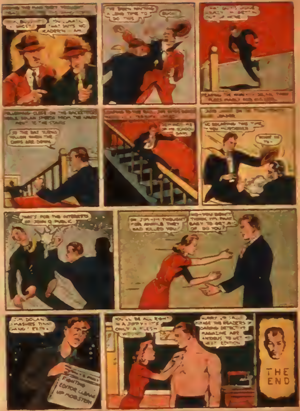

GREAT GUNS! THESE BUGMEN ARE BEING WORKED TO DEATH!
SILENCE! YOU TOO WILL FEEL THE WRATH OF ADRAMAN, SOON!
[illegible]
PLEASE DON'T [illegible] WORKED TO DEATH!
DON'T WORRY I CAME TO SET YOU FREE, MY [illegible]!
EASY SA[illegible] WHERE YOU KNOW NOW
ME ON THE REST OF YOU [illegible] BE FREE
WONDERS OF WONDERS!
YOUR FRIENDS ARE COMING FOR YOU, BUT IN THE MEANTIME WE'VE GOT TO FIND THESE BACK [illegible] ARE YOU WITH ME?
[illegible] THE MAIN
CHEER FOR THE [illegible]
THEN FOLLOW ME! DOWN WITH THE GATES!


COME ON, BUMS LET'S SEE YOU FIGHT!
[illegible] THE DIRTY KAYTOS!
HERE'S WHERE I SERVE MIGHTY ADWAHL... WITH YOUR LIFE!
HEY! A-A-
OOOF!
SORRY OLD MAN, BUT I DON'T FEEL LIKE DYING JUST NOW!
[illegible]
NOW FOR HIS MIGHTY ADWAHL!
Y-YOU.
YES... WE ARRIVED A MOMENT AGO. ADWAHL... DEAD!
NOW YOU ARE ALL FREE. LIFE ON MERCURY SHOULD BE A PLEAS-
BUT YOU... AREN'T YOU TO STAY WITH US?
NO, HELDA, I'VE GOT TO FIND MY FATHER. HE'S SOMEWHERE IN THE PLANETS LOST
BUT... FIND HIM SOME DAY JUST WAIT!
-THE END-


Jim
DOLAN
712


STILL AT LARGE!


HERE TAKE THIS—IT'LL MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER
HE'D BE STILL BACK ON TH' ROADSIDE IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU AND MR. DOLAN
SUDDENLY THERE IS A RAP ON THE DOOR
WE WERE ONLY TOO GLAD TO HELP YOU
YOU'LL GET THE ELECTRIC CHAIR FOR THAT, YOU CROOK!
TRY TO SNEAK A GUN ON ME, EH? ANY MORE OF THAT FUNNY BUSINESS AND
GET THAT DRIVER
REACHES FOR A GUN ON THE DRESSER BEHIND HER
YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS
IF YOU WANT TO STAY HEALTHY, SISTER—JUST FORGET YOU EVER SAW ME
ACTION
MADE IT JUST IN TIME. HERE'S WHERE THE FUN STARTS ALL OVER
THIS ONE'S FOR THE


SO THE RAT TURNS YELLOW WHEN THE CHIPS ARE DOWN
THAT'S FOR THE INTERESTS OF JOHN Q. PUBLIC
OH JIM—I THOUGHT FOR AWHILE THEY HAD KILLED YOU
NO—YOU DIDN'T THINK I'M THAT EASY TO GET RID OF, DO YOU?
FIGHTING EDITOR CLEANS UP MOBSTERS
YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN A JIFFY—IT'S ONLY A FLESH WOUND
THE END

The Man Who Forgot

by La Rac Semrof

THUNDEROUS applause fairly rocked the big towering circus tent.

"Ladeeeees and Gen-n-n-n-tlemen," announced the brass lunged ring master. "You are about to witness the most death defying, gravity daring feat in the history of the Circus. The WORLD'S GREATEST aerialist, the one and only ERNESTO ALLIERI, will now perform his never equalled quadruple somersault in mid air. Count them, one, two, three, four! Ladies and Gentlemen . . . the GREAT ALLIERI!"

The snare drums execute a long roll, ever increasing in intensity. Ernesto, up on the high, [illegible] trapeze platform, half turns back and forth a couple of times, which always brings a gasp from the more timid in the audience. He sets himself, makes a long graceful leap and catches onto a frail looking single trapeze. A few swings on this and the long awaited moment arrives. Allieri lets go, falls backward seven feet, then suddenly doubles up and makes four lightning fast revolutions. He shoots out as straight as an arrow after the fourth one, and finishes up at another trapeze.

The act is always good for a dozen or so blood curdling screams from the high strung feminine contingent in the audience. Many times, women have fainted. The real trick of the act lies in that little drop after the first trapeze. This deliberately has the effect of something having gone wrong, and from then on, the audience is unnerved. So relieved is the great crowd, when Ernesto lands safely that they become almost hysterical in their enthusiasm. Of such small things are the big moments in a Circus made.

ERNESTO'S PARTNER, PEDRO, a smaller and rather homely man, is very busy in the first part of the act, when these two fly and dart through the air, on three other trapezes, with the rapidity of humming birds. But all this is only a feeder for the big moment, which Allieri hogs all for himself. All the applause, all the praise, all the newspaper write-ups, all the billing—everything is ALLIERI THE GREAT. Little Pedro is never even mentioned. Why not? Didn't he teach Ernesto all he knows? Didn't Pedro build Ernesto up to his present dizzy position, because he figured that a man of his partner's good looks would be much better for the real feature of their act than he, Pedro would be? Isn't the *quadruple somersault*, his, Pedro's invention? Didn't he and not Ernesto figure out the short drop from the first trapeze, which gives the act its real wallop? Who knows all this? Ernesto! But does he ever, by so much as a nod of his handsome head give the little man any credit? He does not. He hogs it all to himself.

At first Pedro laughed, saying: "All that counts is the money, and I get that, no?" But as time went on, this adulation, enjoyed entirely by the young, strikingly handsome man, gradually ate into Pedro's soul. From a light hearted dolce far niente comrade, he grew into a morose, secretive old crab.

Finally the day arrived, when he and Ernesto had words. It was about some trifling thing, but it served to snap the long overwrought nerves of the smaller man. At the height of the argument, to which there [illegible] crude screams, Ernesto suddenly snapped:

"If you don't like the way I do it, why don't you get out? I can get a better man any hour of the day."

Pedro stood stunned, as if the bigger man had struck him across the mouth. He sat looked at Ernesto, and burned and burned. His eyes gradually took on a gleam of hatred that was terrible to see. The handsome man put on his hat and coat, and nonchalantly strode from the dressing tent. Pedro stood there for a long time, fixedly staring at the spot which Ernesto had recently filled. The little man finally shook himself, as though throwing off a load, mumbled "So," and walked from the tent.

Late that night, when all were away from the big tent, a short man appeared at the entrance from the dressing tents. In the faint night-lantern lights, he moved along to the trapeze platform ladder. He soon disappeared up this, and was swallowed in the inky blackness of the huge tent top. After several minutes, sounds floated down from up there, as of some one sawing out a bolt. A grating, metallike sound. Some minutes later the figure again marched past the night-lantern—it was Pedro. He was mumbling to himself:

"I'll fix him. *Per Bacco!* I'll fix him."

Next morning the tent was pretty full of performers, going through their paces. Slack and tight-rope walkers, strong men, jugglers, tumblers, clowns, acrobats, equestrians, trick cyclists, roller-skating specialists, Annie Oakley rifle shots, trained bears, seals, dogs, etc., etc. All were working away at the one thing to them all they hoped to perfect, to present to the greatest critic of all—the American Public. Whenever the circus remained in a town more than one day, the artists would make use of the mornings for these practice periods. Pedro and Alberto never practiced, for their act was never changed. The two shows a day, therefore, proved plenty practice for them. But this morning Pedro showed up along [illegible], and sat around watching the others work.

ROSALINA, THE BEAUTIFUL little equestrienne, and very much Ernesto's girl friend, walked over to Pedro, and in a voice intended for all to hear, demanded:

"What's this I hear about you teaching Ernesto his tricks?"

"That is right," quietly answered Pedro.

"Why you fourflusher," she fairly screamed at him. "If you taught him, you certainly must be able to do the trick yourself." Pedro was on his feet, an angry flush dyeing his face. Everyone had stopped their work, and was intently listening to the argument.

"Let's see you do the quadruple somersault. Come on, let's see you do Ernesto's trick. Put up or shut up, you little unshorn runt." Stung to the quick, by the great laugh that rose from the assembled fellow performers, he turned on them, with:

"Laugh, you dumb brutes, laugh! I'll do the trick for you and then I'll laugh." He threw off his coat and vest and started up the ladder leading to the topmost trapeze platform.

"Ha, Ha! Can that little guy bluff, boy, oh boy!" "Watch him turn tail and come shootin' down that ladder again." "He do the quadruple! Ha, Ha, Ha!" "Too early in the day for him to be drunk, must a gone nuts!" These and many other bits of advice and banter floated up to the little man. He was seething with suppressed anger.

"I'll show them, *Per Bacco*, I'll show the idiots, who the greatest aerial artist is!" He mumbled to himself, climbing higher and higher up that ladder.

Finally he got to the dizzy little platform and stood abbalanced against the tent top. An English tumbler thought the man had gone far enough and yelled up at the tiny figure:

"Come down, you silly monkey, you'll break your bloomin' neck."

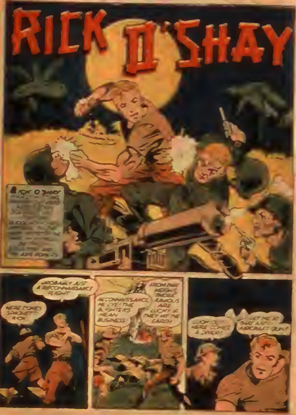
"Oh, he'll come down, never fear," sneered Rosalina. Then in a raised voice: "But he'll come down the way he went up, down the ladder, the fourflusher." Pedro made the leap to the first trapeze. The performers quit their work and craned their necks to watch him—in absolute silence. He swung back and forth a good half dozen times, and just as Rosalina was about to shout to him to quit stalling, he dropped from the trapeze and did it so naturally that several of the women almost screamed. They felt sure that he was falling. To the utter astonishment of all the performers, he now performed the quadruple somersault, but with a finish never even approached by Ernesto.

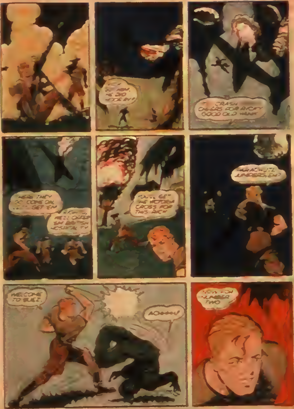
That crowd of professionals below followed his every move, their practiced eye reducing his evolutions to an almost slow motion picture. They all knew, including the doubting Rosalina, that they were witnessing the performance of a rare artist, one greater than any of them. A great cheer that welled up in their throats, was stifled and crushed back as Pedro reached the second trapeze after finishing the somersaults. One of the cables gave way at [illegible] upper fastening, and the little trapeze artist shot through the air and landed on the big tanbark—a crushed heap. With a [illegible] on their lips they all ran to him. Just before he died, he looked up at those now startled faces and whispered:

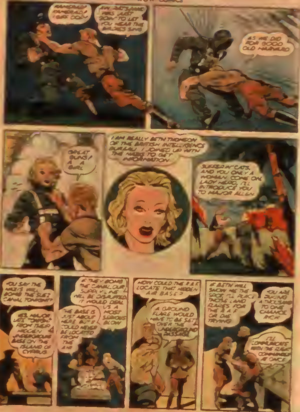
"Stupid of me—to forget—wasn't it? I sawed the cable—cut it so Ernesto would die—then I could get all the glory!"

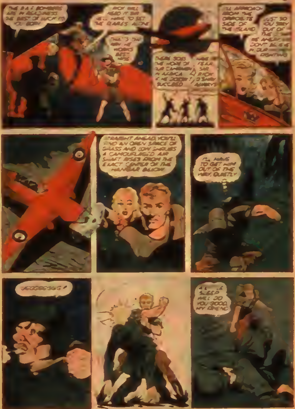
His voice faltered, and then faded. Pedro was dead—killed by his own desire to get revenge.

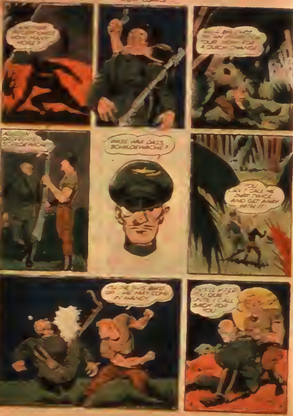
THE END

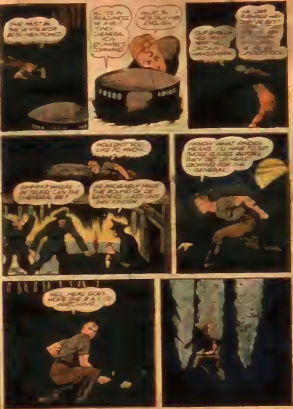

RICK O'SHAY
RICK O'SHAY
HERE COMES SOMETHIN', RICK
PROBABLY JUST A RECONNAISSANCE FLIGHT
RECONNAISSANCE, ME EYE! THE FIGHTERS MEAN BUSINESS!
FROM THAT HEIGHT THOSE RAMOUS ARE LUCKY IF THEY HIT THE EARTH
LOOK OUT! HERE COMES A DIVER!
LET ME AT THAT ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN!

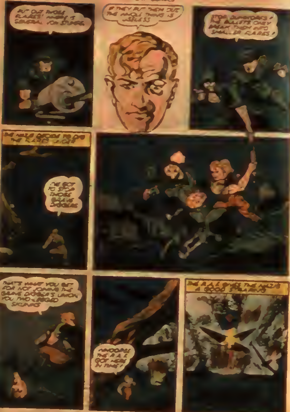

HE DID
CRASH
CURTAINS FOR RICKY
GOOD OLD YANK
HERE THEY GO COME ON, LET'S GET 'EM
BRITISH HOSPITALITY
YOU'LL GET THE VICTORIA CROSS FOR THIS RICKY
WELCOME TO SUEZ.
AOWWW!
NOW FOR NUMBER TWO

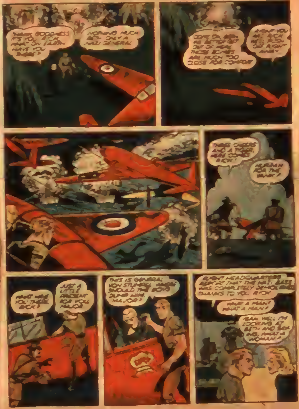

KAMERAD! KAMERAD! I GIVE OOOH
AW, THAT'S A SHAME. WAS JUST GOIN' TO LET YOU HEAR THE BIRDIES SING
AS WE DID FOR GOOD OLD HARVARD
GREAT GUNS! A... A GIRL
I AM REALLY BETH THOMSON OF THE BRITISH INTELLIGENCE BUREAU. I JOINED UP WITH THE NAZIS TO GET INFORMATION
SUFFERIN' CATS, AND YOU ONLY A WOMAN. COME ON, LADY HERO, I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO MAJOR ALLEN
YOU SAY THE NAZI'S WILL BOMB THE SUEZ CANAL TONIGHT?
YES, MAJOR, LATE TONIGHT FROM THEIR HIDDEN UNDERGROUND BASE ON THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS
IF THEY BOMB THE CANAL OUR SUPPLY LINE WILL BE DISRUPTED. IT WOULD DEAL US A MOST SERIOUS BLOW
THE BASE IS JUST ABOUT HERE, BUT IT COULD NEVER BE LOCATED FROM THE AIR
HOW COULD THE R.A.F. LOCATE THAT HIDDEN AIR BASE?
A GROUND FLARE WOULD HAVE TO BE SET OVER THE UNDERGROUND PASSAGE
IF BETH WILL SHOW ME THE SPOT, I'LL PLACE THOSE LAND FLARES FOR THE R.A.F. OR DIE TRYING
YOU ARE TAKING A THOUSAND TO ONE CHANCE, RICK
I'LL COMMUNICATE WITH THE R.A.F. COMMANDER AT ONCE


THE R.A.F. BOMBERS ARE IN READINESS. THE BEST OF LUCK TO YOU BOTH
ROY WILL NEED IT SIR. HE'LL HAVE TO SET THE FLARES ALONE
THAT'S THE WAY HE WORKS BEST, MISS
THERE GOES THE HOPE OF OUR CAMPAIGN IN AFRICA. IF HE DOESN'T SUCCEED
HAVE NO FEAR, SIR. ROY [illegible] ALWAYS
I'LL APPROACH FROM THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE ISLAND
JUST SO YOU STAY OUT OF THE [illegible] THE ARCHIES DON'T BLAZE IN OUR FIGHTING
STRAIGHT AHEAD, YOU'LL FIND AN OPEN SPACE OF GRASS AND LOW SHRUBS. A CAMOUFLAGED AIR SHAFT RISES FROM THE EXACT CENTER OF THE HANGAR BELOW
I'LL HAVE TO GET HIM OUT OF THE WAY, QUIETLY
UGGGGGGG!
A LITTLE SLEEP WILL DO YOU GOOD, MY FRIEND

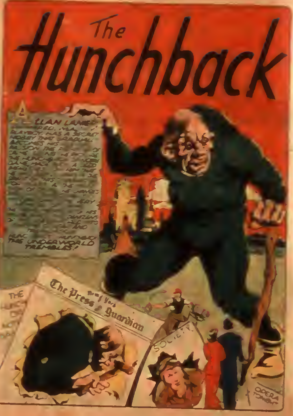

ANOTHER [illegible] HOW MANY MORE?
[illegible] IN [illegible] YOUR [illegible] FOR A QUICK CHANGE!
[illegible] NACHT
WASS WAR DASS, SCHILDEWACHE?
YOU [illegible] CALL ME THAT TWICE AND GET AWAY WITH IT!
I'LL TIE THIS BIRD UP — HE MAY COME IN HANDY
[illegible] KEEP YOU QUIET [illegible] I CALL BACK FOR YOU

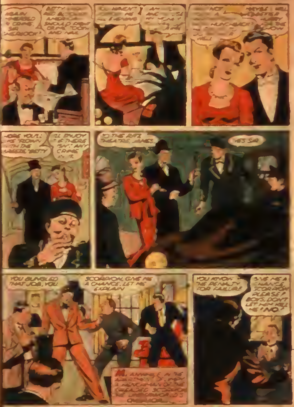

THAT MUST BE THE VENTILATOR BETH MENTIONED
ALL SS IN READINESS WE AWAIT ONLY GENERAL VON STUMPEL'S COMMAND
WHAT, IS HE TALKING ENGLISH
OUR ENGLISH [illegible]
JA, DER [illegible] TOADSTOOL
WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW
HMMM! WHERE DE TEUFEL CAN THE GENERAL BE?
HE PROBABLY MADE THE ROUND OF DE SENTRIES. LASS UNS [illegible]
I KNOW WHAT ENOUGH MEANS. I'LL HAVE TO SET THOSE FLARES BEFORE THEY GET UP HERE LOOKING FOR THE GENERAL
WELL, HERE GOES. HOPE THE R.A.F.'S WATCHING

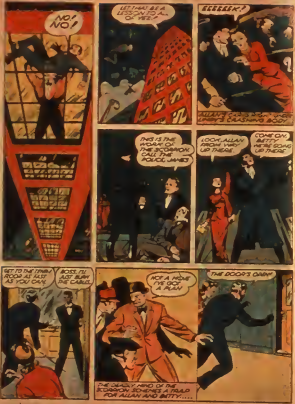

PUT OUT THOSE FLARES! THAT'S A SIGNAL FOR STUKAS
IF THEY PUT THEM OUT THE WHOLE THING IS USELESS
STOP SHOOTING! THE BULLETS ONLY BREAK THEM INTO SMALLER FLARES!
THE NAZIS DECIDE TO DO THE FLARES' JOB
I'VE GOT TO STOP THOSE BRAVE SOLDIERS
THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR NOT JOINING THE GLOW WORM'S UNION YOU TWO-LEGGED SKUNKS
WHOOPEE! THE R.A.F. GOT HERE IN TIME!
THE R.A.F. GIVES THE NAZIS A GOOD STRAFING

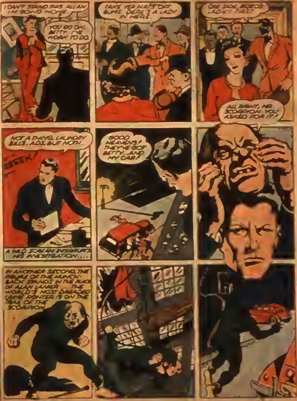

THANK GOODNESS IT'S YOU, RICK. WHAT ON EARTH HAVE YOU THERE?
NOTHING MUCH BILL, ONLY A NAZI GENERAL
COME ON, BILL, WE BETTER GET OUT OF HERE. THOSE BOMBS ARE MUCH TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT
RIGHT YOU ARE, RICK. WE'LL SHOVE OFF RIGHT AWAY
THREE CHEERS AND A TIGER, HERE COMES RICK!
HURRAH FOR THE YANK!
WHAT HAVE YOU THERE, RICK?
JUST A LITTLE PRESENT FOR YOU, MAJOR
THIS IS GENERAL VON STUMPEL. WHERE SHOULD THE BOYS DUMP HIM, MAJOR?
FRONT HEADQUARTERS REPORT THAT THE NAZI BASE WAS COMPLETELY DEMOLISHED THANKS TO YOU, RICK
WHAT A MAN! WHAT A MAN!
YEAH, WELL I'M LOOKING AT BETH AND SAYING, WHAT A WOMAN!

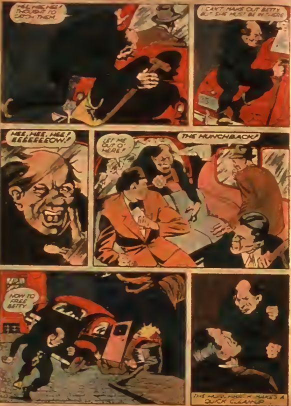
The Hunchback

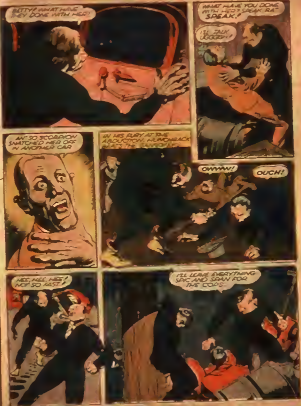

The Hunchback
ALLAN LANE [illegible] PED. [illegible] PLAYBOY, HAS A SECRET HOBBY THAT GRADUALLY BECOMES HIS [illegible] [illegible] THE UNDERWORLD TREMBLES!
The Press & Guardian
THE HUNCH [illegible]
SOCIETY
OPERA

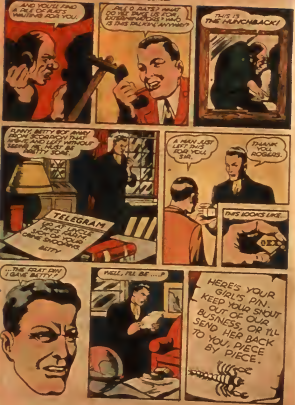

TO THE RITZ THEATRE, JAMES.
YES SIR.
YOU BUNGLED THAT JOB, YOU
SCORPION, GIVE ME A CHANCE. LET ME EXPLAIN
YOU KNOW THE PENALTY FOR FAILURE
GIVE ME A CHANCE, SCORPION PLEASE! BOYS, DON'T LET HIM KILL ME! NO.

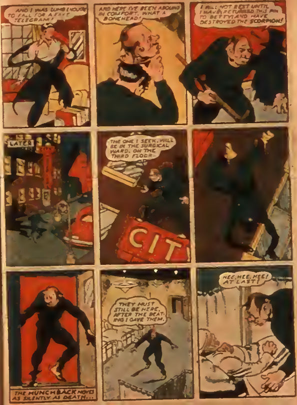

NO! NO!
LET THAT BE A LESSON TO ALL OF YEZ!
EEEEEEK!
ALLAN'S CAR'S RIGHT UNDER LINDY'S CRASHING BODY
THIS IS THE WORK OF THE SCORPION. CALL THE POLICE, JAMES
LOOK, ALLAN FROM WAY UP THERE.
COME ON, BETTY WE'RE GOING UP THERE
GET TO THE TOWER ROOF AS FAST AS YOU CAN.
BOSS, I'LL JUST BURN THE CABLES
NOT A MOVE I'VE GOT A PLAN
THE DEADLY MIND OF THE SCORPION SCHEMES A TRAP FOR ALLAN AND BETTY....
THE DOOR'S OPEN

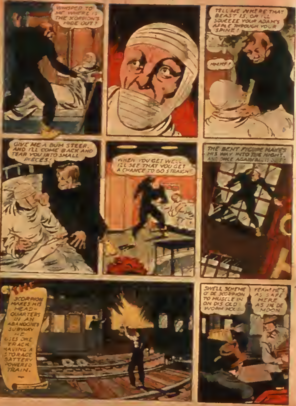

I CAN'T STAND THIS, ALLAN. I'M GOING HOME.
YOU GO ON, BETTY. I'VE WORK TO DO.
TAKE YER HATS OFF, BUMS. THERE'S A LADY IN HERE.
ONE SIDE, BOZOS! LADIES FIRST.
ALL RIGHT, MR. SCORPION. YOU ASKED FOR IT!
NOT A THING. LAUNDRY BILLS, ADS, BUT NOTH...
EEEEK!
A WILD SCREAM INTERRUPTS HIS INVESTIGATION...
GOOD HEAVENS! THEY'VE GOT BETTY... AND MY CAR!
IN ANOTHER SECOND, THE FIGURE OF THE HUNCH-BACK STANDS IN THE PLACE OF ALAN LANIER... THE WORLD'S MOST DREADED CRIME FIGHTER IS ON THE TRAIL OF THE SCORPION

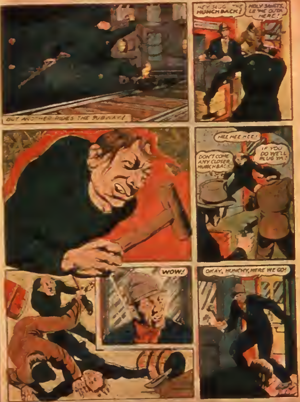

HEE, HEE, HEE! THOUGHT TO CATCH THEM.
I CAN'T MAKE OUT BETTY BUT SHE MUST BE IN THERE
HEE, HEE, HEE! EEEEEEEOW!
LET ME OUT O' HERE!
THE HUNCHBACK!
NOW TO FREE BETTY
THE HUNCHBACK MAKES A QUICK CLEANUP.

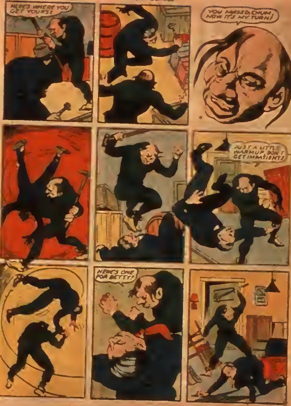

BETTY! WHAT HAVE THEY DONE WITH HER?
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH HER? SPEAK RAT SPEAK!
I'LL TALK UGGGGH!
AN' SO SCORPION SNATCHED HER OFF IN ANOTHER CAR
IN HIS FURY AT THE ABDUCTION, HUNCHBACK BEATS THE [illegible]
OWWW!
OUCH!
HEE, HEE, HEE! NOT SO FAST!
I'LL LEAVE EVERYTHING SPIC AND SPAN FOR THE COPS

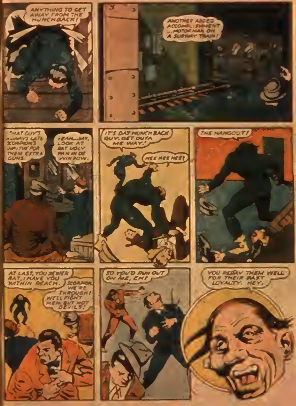

AND YOU'LL FIND A PILE OF RATS WAITING FOR YOU.
PILE O RATS? WHAT DO YEZ TAKE US FOR, EXTERMINATORS? WHO IS THIS TALKIN' ANYWAY?
THIS IS THE HUNCHBACK!
FUNNY, BETTY GOT AWAY FROM SCORPION THAT NIGHT, AND LEFT WITHOUT SEEING ME. MUST BE PRETTY SORE.
TELEGRAM
UP AT UNCLE TIM'S FARM. SICK OF YOUR CRIME SNOOPING. BETTY
A MAN JUST LEFT THIS FOR YOU, SIR.
THANK YOU, ROGERS.
THIS LOOKS LIKE...
...THE FRAT PIN I GAVE BETTY!
WELL, I'LL BE ....?
HERE'S YOUR GIRL'S PIN. KEEP YOUR SNOUT OUT OF OUR BUSINESS, OR I'LL SEND HER BACK TO YOU, PIECE BY PIECE.

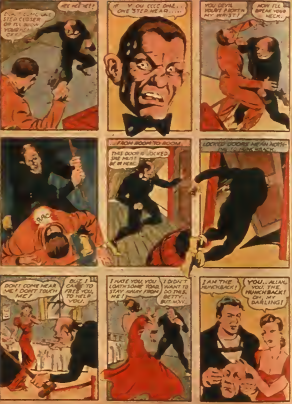

AND I WAS DUMB ENOUGH TO FALL FOR A FAKE TELEGRAM!
AND HERE I'VE BEEN ABOUND IN COMFORT. WHAT A BONEHEAD!
I WILL NOT REST UNTIL I HAVE RETURNED THIS PIN TO BETTY AND HAVE DESTROYED THE SCORPION!
LATER
THE ONE I SEEK. WILL BE IN THE SURGICAL WARD. ON THE THIRD FLOOR
CIT
THE HUNCHBACK MOVES AS SILENTLY AS DEATH...
THEY MUST STILL BE HERE. AFTER THE BEATING I GAVE THEM.
HEE, HEE, HEE! AT LAST!


WHISPER TO ME WHERE IS THE SCORPION'S HIDE OUT!
TELL ME WHERE THAT BEAST IS, OR I'LL SQUEEZE YOUR ADAM'S APPLE THROUGH YOUR SPINE!
MMMF!
GIVE ME A BUM STEER. AND I'LL COME BACK AND TEAR YOU INTO SMALL PIECES!
WHEN YOU GET WELL I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET A CHANCE TO GO STRAIGHT
THE BENT FIGURE MAKES HIS WAY INTO THE NIGHT. AND ONCE AGAIN ALL IS QUIET.
THE SCORPION MAKES HIS HEAD-QUARTERS IN AN ABANDONED SUBWAY. HE USES ONE TRACK HAVING A STORAGE BATTERY POWERED TRAIN.
SWELL SCHEME O' DE SCORPION TO MUSCLE IN ON DIS OLD WORM HOLE.
YEAH! HE'S AS SAFE HERE AS IN DE MOON


BUT ANOTHER RIDES THE SUBWAY!
HEY SLUG THE HUNCHBACK!
HOLY SMOKES, LE'ME OUTA HERE!
HEE HEE HEE!
DON'T COME ANY CLOSER HUNCHBACK!
IF YOU DO WE'LL PLUG YA!
WOW!
OKAY, HUNCHY, HERE WE GO!


HERE'S WHERE YOU GET YOURS!
YOU MISSED, CHUM, NOW IT'S MY TURN!
JUST A LITTLE WARMUP. DON'T GET IMPATIENT!
HERE'S ONE FOR BETTY!


ANYTHING TO GET AWAY FROM THE HUNCHBACK!
ANOTHER ADDED ACCOMPLISHMENT ...MOTORMAN ON A SUBWAY TRAIN!
THAT GUY'S ALWAYS LATE SCORPION'S WAITIN' FOR THEM EXTRA GUNS.
YEAH...SAY, LOOK AT DAT UGLY PAN IN DE WINDOW.
IT'S DAT HUNCH BACK GUY. GET OUTA ME WAY!
HEE HEE HEE!
THE HANGOUT!
AT LAST, YOU SEWER RAT, I HAVE YOU WITHIN REACH.
SCORPION WE'RE THROUGH! WE'LL FIGHT MEN, BUT NOT DEVILS!
SO YOU'D RUN OUT ON ME, EH?
YOU REPAY THEM WELL FOR THEIR PAST LOYALTY. HEY.


DON'T COME ONE STEP CLOSER OR I'LL BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF
HERE HE IS!
IF YOU COME ONE.. ONE STEP NEAR.....
YOU DEVIL, YOU'VE BROKEN MY WRIST!
NOW I'LL BREAK YOUR NECK.
RAC
...FROM ROOM TO ROOM
THIS DOOR IS LOCKED SHE MUST BE IN HERE.
LOCKED DOORS MEAN NOTHING TO HUNCHBACK.
DON'T COME NEAR ME! DON'T TOUCH ME!
BUT I CAME TO FREE YOU, TO HELP YOU.
I HATE YOU, YOU LOATHSOME TOAD. STAY AWAY FROM ME!
I DIDN'T WANT TO DO THIS, BETTY.. BUT NOW..
I AM THE HUNCHBACK!
YOU.. ALLAN, YOU, THE HUNCHBACK! OH, MY DARLING!

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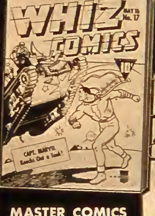
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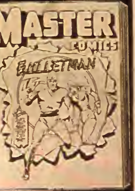
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